

# Our Tramp Around the City!



## KENTUCKY WEATHER REPORT.

What We May Expect Between This Time and To-morrow Evening.

### THE LEDGER'S WEATHER SIGNALS.

White streamer—FAIR; Blue—RAIN or SNOW; With Black ABOVE—TWO or THREE DAYS OF WARMER WEATHER; With Black BELOW—COLDER WEATHER; Unless Black's shown—no change we'll see.

The above forecasts are made for a period of thirty-six hours, ending at 8 o'clock to-morrow evening.



### A FEMINE PARADOX.

The waist of Evelina's gown is somewhat paradoxical; it cost a hundred dollars down, and yet it is illogical. Although it has a perfect fit upon her form ethereal, one's justified in calling it a waist of good material.

## Personal Points

If you have friends visiting you, or if you are going away on a visit, please drop us a note to that effect.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wheeler are visiting in Cincinnati.

Miss Nettie Wright of Covington is visiting friends here.

Mrs. G. W. Welsh of Danville is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. D. Cochran.

Senator Garrett S. Wall spent Sunday with his family in this city.

O. Gray Stacy and Rollo Young of Ripley were in the city Sunday.

Mrs. Daniel Gerhold of Cincinnati is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Larson Dawson, of the Sixth Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hise and Mrs. James Hise of Cincinnati came up Saturday on a visit to relatives.

J. W. Helbling, Auditor, and E. A. Tinsander, Treasurer of Brown county, O., were in the city Sunday.

C. S. Anderson and wife of Washington go to Peoria, Ill., June 1st, to visit their daughter, Mrs. Gus C. Lee.

Raymond Patterson, Esq., of The Chicago Tribune is making a visit to Colonel T. A. Hogan of this city.

Mrs. Philip Klipp and little daughter Callie have returned home after a visit to friends and relatives on Grant street.

W. L. Nicholson of Cincinnati after spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Nicholson, returned yesterday.

Mrs. M. J. Lyons and Miss Bland of Cincinnati are spending a few days with Mrs. Lyons's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Wood.

Mrs. Isaac Boughner of Springfield is visiting her brothers and sisters, the Messrs. McClanahan and Miss McClanahan of West Third street.

Mrs. W. H. Sarvis and daughters, Miss Alice and Miss Emma, of Wyoming, O., are the guests of Mrs. J. M. Redden and family of East Second street.

Captain and Mrs. Sam Gaines, G. W. Blatterman, Miss Kate Blatterman, Miss Spears, Miss Finch and Miss Fleetwood were among the people from Maysville who enjoyed the May Music Festival at Cincinnati Saturday.

Mrs. Fleetwood of Chicago is the guest of Miss Margaret Finch.

Mrs. John Carnahan and daughter Katie are visiting her parents at Plain City, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Grant of Covington are on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Goodman.

Mrs. Mary Ralston and Miss Rudy of Newport are visiting friends in this city and at Aberdeen.

Clint Browning of Cincinnati came up Saturday to visit his parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Browning.

Mrs. ELIZABETH LYONS of Rose Hill is dead at the age of 92 years.

G. V. MALLORY of Elkton had 17 head of cattle killed by lightning.

THE Kentucky Teachers' Association convenes June 28th at Paducah.

SMOKE G. W. Childs's new 5 cent cigar Special Delivery and Nancy Hanks.

HOP LEE, the Paris Chinaman, has been naturalized under the name of Soo Hoo Tan.

Mrs. NANCY MURPHY, aged 93, a native of Harrison county, died in Newport.

J. W. REYNOLDS, aged 65, and Evelyn Rush, aged 17, were married in Davies county.

PERSONS wishing to join the Magazine Club will please call on W. D. Hixon at the Library.

PAUL C. EDWARDS, an Ashland commission merchant, has been closed up for a small debt.

THE street letter boxes are being put up to-day, and the Carriers will start on their rounds to-morrow.

PROF. W. H. LOCKHART of Cincinnati died at the residence of his brother, Hon. G. C. Lockhart, in Paris.

ROBERT MCCREARY, son of ex-Governor McCreary, will be married soon to a young lady of New York.

RICHARD WITT, living near Covington, left his wife and skipped out with Cora Platt, his pretty fifteen-year-old sister-in-law.

It was a very good day for the Street Railway Company. Several times during the afternoon the cars were crowded to the doors.

THE great Barney & Smith Railway Carworks at Dayton, O., have been bought by a syndicate and capitalized at \$4,500,000.

DR. TOBIAS GIBSON RICHARDSON, born in Lexington in 1827, and residing in New Orleans since 1858, died in the latter city a few days ago.

THE unsecured creditors of Hermann Lange at Cincinnati have been offered twenty-five per cent. on their claims by way of compromise.

A CONVENTION of negroes has been called to meet in Lexington June 23d to take measures to have the Separate Coach bill declared unconstitutional.

A CONCERT will be given at Mitchell Chapel, Sixth Ward, to-night, commencing at 8 o'clock for the benefit of the new M. E. Church. Admission 10 cents.

THE Knott county courthouse and jail were burned, in the hope of destroying the records. These were saved, however. Loss, \$7,000, with partial insurance.

PRESIDENT MILTON H. SMITH of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, refused \$35,000 a year from the Richmond and Danville, so he must get a handsome salary.

It is rumored in society circles that the beautiful grass-widow, Mrs. Welser, will shortly be married to one of Lexington's well-known politicians, who is a widower.

THE House Postoffice Committee authorized a favorable report fixing the salary of letter-carriers at \$1,300 per annum during and after the fourth year of service.

THE judgment of the Robertson Circuit Court in the case of Buckler vs. Reese has been affirmed by the Superior Court. Winfield Buckler for appellant and L. W. Robertson for appellee.

THE young lady art students will arrange the Studio and display of paintings at the Centennial exposition in this city. The library will be ready for the reception of articles for exposition Wednesday morning.

## ROSES AND WREATHS

Placed Upon the Graves of Dead Comrades.

## MEMORIAL DAY OBSERVANCES.

Impressive Ceremonies in Maysville, at Brooksville and at Augusta.



Memorial Day was perhaps more strictly and more reverently observed in Maysville yesterday than ever before. In fact, in all the surrounding country, wherever the old soldiers are laid to rest, their surviving comrades were gathered together to do homage to the dead,—to pay their respects with flowers, with prayers and with patriotic words. Nor were the veterans alone in their devotion, the sons and wives and daughters of the living and of the dead aided with kind and loving hands. The graves of those who believed in and fought for other institutions than the now accepted ones, were not forgotten. Nature's wreaths were generously bestowed upon all alike.

Memorial Day is fast becoming a truly National day, when soldier and civilian vie with each other in bearing testimony to the love and admiration in which the memory of the dead is held. Surely one day in the year can be dedicated to the worship of those who, in life, sacrificed so much for us, and it is proper and befitting that each recurring 30th of May should bring a broader example of human charity.

Joseph Heiser Post, G. A. R., had charge of the memorial services at this place, assisted by M. C. Hutchins Camp, S. of V. Detachments from Major Harris Post of Augusta and George B. Bailey Post of Aberdeen and some comrades from Fleming county were also in attendance.

The column started from the G. A. R. Hall at 2 o'clock promptly. On arriving at the cemetery they proceeded immediately to the handsome monument erected a few years ago, where the impressive ceremony of the G. A. R. and S. of V. was gone through with. A bevy of little girls joined the procession at the cemetery who with their bright faces added materially to the attractiveness of the scene.

After the ceremony the people gathered in another part of the cemetery to listen to the oration of Judge O. S. Deming of Mt. Olivet.

Dr. A. C. Mannen of Augusta first read a piece, descriptive of a battery in action, and then Judge Deming was introduced by Post Commander John Day.

The speech was full of interest, and the Judge was listened to with close attention by an appreciative assemblage. The address over, the distribution of the flowers began, after which all went to their homes, feeling lighter and happier for having performed a sacred but pathetic duty.

At the earliest opportunity THE LEDGER will print the speech of Judge Deming in full.

McKinnean Post, G. A. R., colored, observed the day with appropriate ceremonies. Quite a number of them marched to the cemetery and with their wives and children and friends handsomely decorated the graves of their departed ones.

The services at Brooksville were on a somewhat elaborate scale. Addresses were made by several distinguished comrades and the town was full of people. Among the speakers was Hon. M. C. Hutchins of this city, who said:

It is fitting, it is peculiarly appropriate, that the survivors should in such a way as this honor the memories and cast a tear upon the graves of our heroic dead, who were our friends, comrades and companions in arms.

I knew the men who went out from

Bracken county, many of them well. No better soldiers could be found in the Union Army. They went mainly from the comforts, pleasures and allurements of country firesides, actuated by the most exalted patriotism. They braved all sorts of opposition, threats of violence, of the incendiary of their homes, but with more than Spartan nerve and more than Roman valor they left to serve four years in the columns of the Union. It was a trying time with them, the leaving of wives and children to the uncertain chances of life in their absence, to face life's burdens almost unaided, and to face them among hostile neighbors; bidding adieu, perhaps for the last time, the loved mother, the aged father, the parting from the tender children, to undergo the trials, hardships and dangers of war. Yes, it was a grand test of love and devotion to country; but they did go and many of them never returned, but are now sleeping the sleep of death on the battlefields of the South, or in the beautiful cemeteries into which a grateful Government has gathered their precious remains, and although the summers of nearly the third of a century have greened their graves, the memory of the brave boys who went out from this section way yonder in the early sixties to take part in the bloody drama of war is as fresh on the tablets of our hearts as if we had seen them but yesterday.

Time has been at work on those who survived the conflict. The ranks are thinning. Ah, time, "remorseless time," the fierce spirit of the glass and scythe; what power can stop his silent march, or melt his iron soul to pity. On, ever on in his course forevermore. The proud bird, the condor of the Andes that soars through heaven's fathomless depths, or braves the great Northern hurricane and bathes his plumage in the thunder's home, at nightfall furls his mighty wings about him and sinks to rest on his mountain crag; but time feels not the weight of sleep or weariness, and night in its darkest depths has no chain to bind his rushing pinions. Yes, they are going, and as the years roll away the scythe makes wider sweeps, and the victims of these remorseless swaths increase, and many of my old comrades have been caught in their deadly embrace.

But I have digressed from what I was going to say. The men from Bracken were true men. Upon many a bloody field their sturdy bravery displayed the stuff of which they were made. They are a credit to Bracken county, and are entitled to the honorable consideration and respect, nay admiration of every citizen. Many of them poor in this world's goods, but their hearts throbbing in heroic breasts. They are the most creditable thing of all the good things the county has ever produced, and the man or set of men who fail to honor and reverence them are devoid of the sentiment of patriotism.

I am sure the ex-Confederates honor and respect them, and if there are men in this county who do not, you can safely point to such as those who have done nothing for society or mankind.

We find sometimes in Kentucky specimens of the genus homo who swell around inflated by their own importance, who cast side glances at the old Federal soldiers but who are not worthy to tie the string of the soldier's shoe; who have done nothing all their lives but beg and seek some office at the hands of the people; whose stock in trade is posing as friends of the South; who have carried favor by their loud-mouthed and bitter advocacy of that sort of sentiment, and the keeping alive the animosities engendered by the war. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred those individuals could not under any circumstances be induced to face the perils of the struggle in the Confederate army.

I have some respect for the brave men who backed their convictions on the battlefield, or who joined the Confederate army and risked the chances of war, but mighty little for the bitter, relentless, stay-at-home who has rooted all the old Confederate soldiers out by his superior manipulation of county and other conventions. When Generals Lee and Johnston surrendered their armies the Confederate soldier as a rule quit, but the other chap never, and never will until God in his merciful providence wipes him from the face of the earth. From him the Federal soldier asks no favors, and regards that class of individuals by the standard they have erected for their very small selves.

History tells and will hereafter tell the story of American valor in that war, for the armies of both sides were full of it. It was American meeting American, greater than the tug of war when Greek met Greek. The conduct of the Confederate soldier upon the battlefield of Franklin was superbly daring, and the conduct of the National soldier in meeting and successfully resisting that terrific storm was sublimely heroic. A hundred gallant sons of old Bracken filled their places in the Federal line and in the exacting work of that mortal combat, almost hand to hand struggle in wrestling the first line of works from the exultant foe, displayed a bravery as grand as was shown by the Greeks at Thermopylae. And I saw their heroism upon many another hard fought field. I saw them charge down through the valley, up the hill, and over the Confederate works at Resaca; their devoted valor on the 8th of August at Etowa creek, when half of Company "D" was killed or wounded, where poor Richard Shane—I saw him die—Andrew Wiley, Billy Cummins, Alex Elred got their death, where the brave Jim Shane left a leg, and where Will Riley, Joseph Shawan and others weltered in bloody wounds. They moved under my orders in their gallant onward march, as they skirmished through the North Carolina forest, fighting continually for miles the day we moved out of the town of Smithfield. I remember their charge and battle cry as they rushed upon the enemy through the fired grass, burning woods and blinding smoke at Town Creek. Old Company "E" was there and was never known to falter or quail. Yes, Weaver and Markley led, and splendidly, as brave men as ever marshaled in the presence of a foe, and I am sure the Federal soldiers in other regiments from Bracken did their whole duty, but I know how those two companies did the work they were called upon to do, and they earned all the eulogium and panegyric that human lips can utter—earned it in a glorious cause, the defense of a glorious country.

The friendships formed under such

circumstances, under such conditions, are deathless, and the commemoration of this day is but the natural outcome of such a condition. We have met to honor the memories of the dead, to scatter floral tributes upon the mounds that cover the remains of those who have preceded us to the tomb, and no day in our National calendar is of more value to the country. These ceremonies not only honor the memories of our departed friends and comrades, but they rekindle the fire of patriotism on the altars of liberty; they are object-lessons to our boys, and prepare in their hearts the seed that will blossom into armies of defense whenever enemies assail from without or within the liberties of the people or imperil the safety of the Republic.

But now peace reigns. The scars of the war have been almost obliterated. Federal and Confederate mingle in the daily avocations of life; meet around the same altars in worship, frequently vote for the same candidates, and have almost lost their identity in the great push and struggle of the crowds and in the midst of the new generations that have appeared on the stage of action. The same flag proudly floats over all; proudly floats from the capitols of Maine, Massachusetts, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana and Oregon.

The corridors of the National Capitol resound with the footsteps of men now engaged in friendly converse who in other days sought each others' lives; and our National and state legislatures are occupied by men who faced each other in hostile array and bloody combat upon the fields of war. Those who were our enemies are now many of them our friends. Those whose sullen looks of hate glowed in fierce vindictiveness upon us during the struggle, and for several years after the collapse of the Confederacy, have come to recognize the Federal soldiers as their real friends, and to respect them, and the growth of the honor, respect and appreciation of all the people for the men, who, in the Providence of God, saved the American Union, is very apparent.

The Grand Army button has become a badge of merit and honorable distinction, and barring a few of those whose only stock in trade is an endeavor to keep alive the sores of the war for selfish purposes, the great mass of the American people, even South of the line of thirty-sixth, either speak kindly of the old veteran, utter no word against him, and have come to look upon him with honorable reverence.

The United States has come to be regarded by our late enemies as their country, their Nation, the stars and stripes as their flag. My comrades, who wonders have you wrought? You saved the American Republic, and made it possible for the United States to reach pre-eminence among the sisterhood of Nations. To-day the wealthiest, mightiest of them all,—mightiest in the character, intelligence and civilization of her inhabitants; mightiest in the political and religious freedom of her people. Here every man can worship God as his conscience dictates. Here no sect controls; no Protestant dare persecute a Catholic, no Catholic a Protestant, and no priesthood dare to chain the consciences or throttle the religious belief of the people. Here all are free; manhood reaches its fullest fruition, its most elevated plain, its loftiest heights. By your success in that war you settled momentous questions; questions affecting the whole human race. You thereby struck a blow to tyranny and despotism, and the down-trodden of all the earth took new hope, and raised their voices in exultant praise when victory perched upon the banners of the Union. For you had established for all time the grandest asylum of freedom the world has ever known—an asylum that sits queenly, splendidly between the ceaseless surges of two mighty oceans, continental in extent, a continuous domain under one government greater than the Caesars ever ruled; of available habitable territory greater than any monarch of the world ever governed. Here woman is queen and man is king. With single States greater in area than famous empires, she is rich in all the elements that go to make comfort and happiness, and teeming with a population as restless in energy and marvelous in its ingenuity—A land of the church and the home and the schoolhouse; a land whose granaries burst with fullness and with food enough, if necessary, to supply mankind; where the husbandman tills in peace and garners without fear; where under the fostering care of a wise Government and the inspiration of freedom, her citizens are rapidly gathering the wealth of the world. They have harnessed the lightning and it does their bidding. Fields of waving grain, and towns and villages and great cities have sprung up in all directions, and her whole surface is striped with railways. Her inland seas and rivers have become the highways of a mighty commerce. This is but a part of the exhibit that greets us to-day.

Ah, my comrades, without your work and that of our heroic brothers who laid their lives upon the altars of our country how changed would be the picture?

The splendid vision upon which we now gaze would have been an impossibility. Our country would have been divided into petty principalities. Tyrants, military despots, and their minions would have fattened upon the toil of our people, vast armies of armed men, instead of multitudes pursuing the avocations of peace; an impoverished, tax-ridden, down-trodden people; business of every sort paralyzed; poverty, misery, destitution, where now comfort, happiness and wealth prevail. America can never repay you, my comrades, for the good you have accomplished, for the comfort, happiness, and glory you have bestowed upon those who are so fortunate to be permitted to live in this wondrous age.

Well do I remember way yonder in 1861, when you marshaled in lines of blue for the defense of the Nation. You were young then, just at the threshold of manhood. The flag of our fathers floated over you; the uniform that Washington had given the country garbed you. Your step was the tread of the athlete. With upright forms you went forth to save the Union. Ah, I now well remember the erect carriage, the martial tread of the soldiers of 1861, and now when I look upon those of you who survived the conflict, and who have survived the ravages of relentless time, and who stand about me to-day, I am startled at the change. The boys of '61 are the gray-headed old men of '92. The rounded cheek has been deeply furrowed, the erect, soldierly

form has been bent, the elastic step replaced by the movement of advancing years, and I tell you, comrades, the spectacle saddens, for it admonishes me that the Grand Army is still in motion, moving on, inexorably in one undeviating direction to, where—

"On Fame's eternal camping ground their silent tents are spread, And glory guards with solemn round the bivouac of the dead."

Yes, our tents will soon be set therein,—not long until that mighty army which, under the matchless leadership of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Ruger, Cox, Stanley, Hancock and other splendid commanders will have settled in the last camp. But our leaders, what men they were; Europe has had her Alexander, her Caesar, Scipio, Charles the Twelfth, Napoleon, Wellington, Von Moltke; to each has been assigned his proper place in the Pantheon of fame, but the fame of these casts no shadow over the halo of imperishable renown that surrounds and will through all the ages surround the name and fame of the hero of Appomattox, Ulysses S. Grant, and the other generals who wrested victory from defeat, who turned disaster into triumph, who in spite of a brave and determined enemy, fighting with the energy of an unparalleled desperation and commanded by accomplished generals ever upon the alert, and upon what they considered their own soil, led the armies of the Nation to permanent and glorious victory.

My friends, may those of you who surround me to-day live to reassemble upon many a coming Decoration Day. Your presence at such scenes is a credit to your manhood. Notwithstanding the sadness and pathos it exhibits, it demonstrates still that the noble sentiments that actuated you in the long ago still glow in your bosoms. That you still love the emblem of our country's greatness and glory which the fathers of the Revolution won; before which the pride of proud England has been humbled in two wars; which has waved in triumph over the halls of the Montezumas; which in the greatest civil war in the world's history never went down in disgrace, but through it all, in greater grandeur, with every star glittering in its place, upheld by you and your dead comrades on whose graves all over this great land tender, lovely women and brave men are placing decorations in flowers, emblematic of the honor and esteem in which their memories are held.

At Augusta the ceremonies began at 7 o'clock, in order that the members of Major Harris Post with their ladies might leave for Maysville on the 9 o'clock train.

After the ritualistic ceremonies at the cemetery the graves were decorated, and Thomas A. Davis of this city delivered an address.

The attendance was quite large considering the early hour; but next year the Augustans propose uniting the Posts of the surrounding places and having a demonstration worthy of that beautiful and historic city and her big-hearted people.

W. G. LODWICK has been appointed City Passenger Agent of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway at Cincinnati.

JAMES RICE was instantly killed near Grayson by a tree falling on him. He leaves a wife and four small children.

We acknowledge the receipt, from M. H. Smith, President of the L. and N. Railroad, of a complimentary over the K. C. system.

"GLADY" PEARCE, once the Adonis of Cincinnati gamblers, has yielded to disease, and is now in the Sanitarium, a raving maniac.

HENRY WATTERSON will deliver a historical address at the presentation of the Philadelphia paintings to Kentucky at Lexington to-morrow.

ADOLPH VOGT suicided at Cincinnati, and his funeral expenses were paid by Miss Annie Vogt, his niece. She says \$16,000 is due him from Germany, and will have herself appointed administrator.

THE will of Mrs. Eliza L. Flagg, daughter of the late Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, was admitted to record in Adams county, O. She owned nearly six thousand acres of real estate in Adams and Scioto counties. She devised all of her title in said lands to her husband, William J. Flagg.

SPECIAL advices from regions affected more seriously by floods point to an aggregate loss in five states of \$82,000,000, which includes damage to railway property, destruction of levees, farm buildings, machinery, live stock and crops, as well as loss on other property. Louisiana and Arkansas have lost less in this respect than has been reported, and Illinois and Missouri probably more. Losses in Iowa and Kansas have been greatly exaggerated.

TWENTY ONE head of thoroughbred yearlings, the property of Frank B. Harper of Nantura Stud, Lexington, will be sold in New York this week by William Easton. Among them is a full brother to the great Freeland, a sister to the mighty Longstreet and a brother to Edward Corrigan's Lew Weir. There are three colts and three fillies by Longfellow, the others being by Imp. Rossington, Jils Johnson, Stratford, Imp. Deceiver and Falsetto. This is one of the most valuable shipments of yearlings sent from Kentucky this spring.

A CASE which would be a good companion piece for the famous "Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce" chancery suit has been filed in the Supreme Court of Ohio. In 1873 John Hickie sold some cattle to Samuel Valentine, Eli Neff and Wm. Parsons for a consideration of \$1,388. He claimed that only \$20 of the amount was paid, and immediately brought suit in the Common Pleas Court of his county. Seventeen years afterwards he got a verdict of \$2,715 64, being the amount originally claimed with interest. One of the defendants in the meantime had died. A reversal is now asked.